



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

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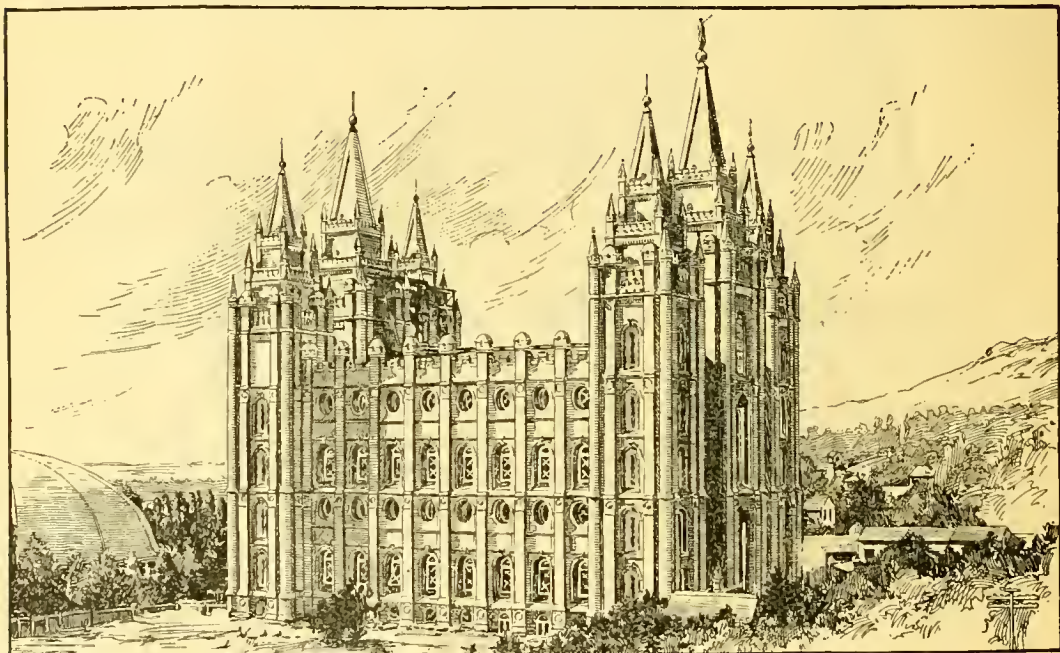
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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XXVIII.

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No. 16.

## THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

### XV.

SIXTH BRANCH (*Mollusca*, SOFT-BODIED),  
CONTINUED.

#### UNIVALVES.

LEAVING now the Acephala or headless mollusks, we come to the second class in this great branch, viz., the CEPHALOPHORA, or head bearers, of which the snail has been already named as an example. Various names have been proposed for this division;—*univalves*, because with one exception they possess shells consisting each of a single continuous piece; and *gastropods*, or stomach-footed animals, because they possess a

There are many variations in the form of the shells, though all are based on a simple plan of structure. The shell is generally twisted or coiled, in some cases producing a flat spiral, in others a taller and more conical shape. These extreme types will be understood by a comparison of figures that follow.

The accompanying sketch, figure 1, gives the form of a typical gastropod shell, with the names of its parts.

Passing now to the examination of a few special forms, the simplest order of this class is that which includes the *Tooth Shells*, illustrated in figure 2. This is of a tusk shape, and is open at both ends, the larger aperture serving for the protrusion of the head and the fleshy foot; the smaller end admitting the water

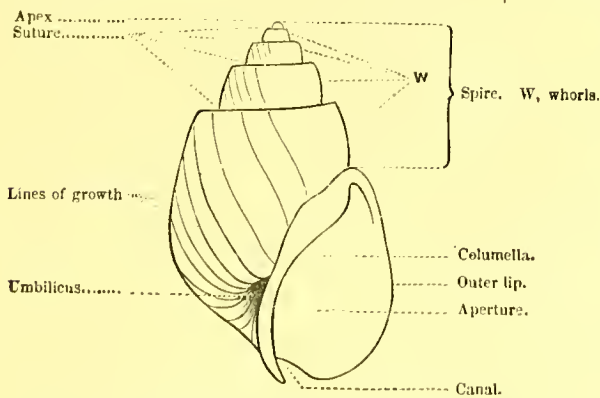


Figure 1. Shell of univalve mollusk; with names of the principal parts.

large fleshy organ of locomotion, within which is the stomach cavity.

The shell of the univalves is very different from that of the former class.

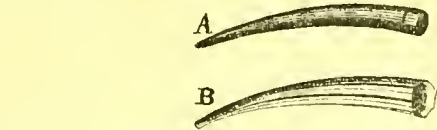


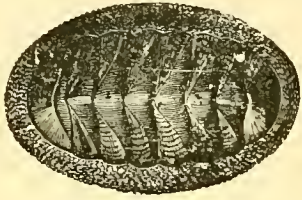
Figure 2. Tooth Shell, natural size. (A, *Dentalium dentalis*; B, *Dentalium elephantinum*.)

currents. There are but few species of tooth shells; but specimens are to be found off the shores of most seas, where they lie in the sand, with the smaller end of the shell projecting above.

Another important order is represented by the *Chitons* commonly called



*Wood Lice.* The word "chiton" means really coat of mail. These pretty and curious creatures constitute the exception referred to in designating the



Sea wood louse shell (Chiton),  
one-half natural size.

CEPHALOPHORA as univalves; the shells of the chiton being composed of segments, eight or fewer, arranged in lineal order along the creature's back. Chitons of varying sizes may be found on most of our coasts, attached by the large fleshy foot to the surface of rocks. The mouth cavity contains a well developed *lingual ribbon*, which bears many sharp teeth. The young chitons are devoid of shells, and lead an active free swimming life. About one hundred and twenty-five fossil forms have been discovered, and fully double that number of living species are known.

Another order of mollusks is represented by the *Ear Shell* or *haliotis*; known in California as the *Abalone*, and in certain other parts as the *Ormer*. In this form (figure 4) the shell is

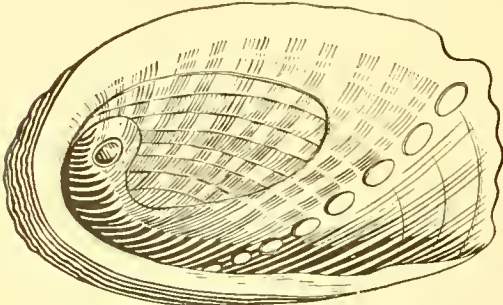


Figure 4. Ear shell or abalone; from California coast (*Haliotis*.)

coiled in the form of a very flat spiral, seemingly almost entirely devoid of convolutions within; indeed many people

have been deceived in examining the shell for the first time, and have regarded the ear shell as one part of a bivalve covering. The interior of the shell possesses a resplendent lustre, which is turned to good account in the manufacture of many articles of mother of pearl. The ear shell is perforated by a line of orifices through which a series of tentacles pass during the life of the animal. Abalones of common occurrence vary from the size of a dollar to that of a dinner plate.

Allied to the preceding in internal structure, though very different from the same in external appearance, are the

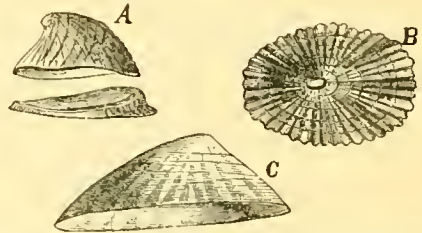


Figure 5. Limpet shells. A, Cup and saucer limpet (*Acmora*). B, Key hole limpet (*Fissurella*). C, Rock limpet, or little dish (*Patella*.)

*Limpets.* Though small, they possess great strength, and stoutly resist any ordinary means to tear them loose from the objects to which they attach themselves; indeed it is easier to break the shell and tear asunder the soft body than to loosen the sucker-like hold of the limpet's foot. In the picture, figure 5, three forms are shown, the *Cup and Saucer Limpet*; the *Key-hole Limpet*, so named from the perforation in its shell; and the *Rock Limpet*, or *Little Dish*.

The *Violet Snail* (figure 6) possesses a shell of great beauty, richly colored though very fragile. These creatures are inhabitants of the warmer seas; and oft-times they may be seen in vast shoals, floating on the surface of the water.

Attached to the foot is a large inflated organ, (*a* in the figure) many times larger



than the body itself; this is the float, composed of many air-filled cells. On the under side of the float the eggs (*b*) are supported. The violet snail receives its name from a peculiar secretion of its body, purple in color and possessing the properties of indelible ink: this the creature emits when alarmed, and so by coloring the water hides itself.

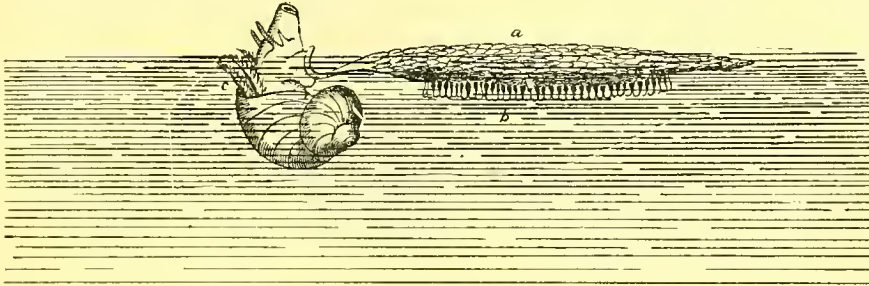


Fig. 6. The violet snail with inflated float (*a*) to which are attached the eggs *b*. *Ianthina*.

The *Wentle Trap* (figure 7) is found, though not in great numbers, in most of the seas of the world. It possesses a beautifully coiled shell, suggesting a winding stair, though the steps are reversed. The shell is light in color, in some specimens almost pure white. On



Fig. 7. The Wentle Trap shell (*Scutaria pretiosa*.)

account of their rarity and singular beauty, these shells have always been highly prized; indeed exceptional specimens have commanded a price of hundreds of dollars apiece. Now they are much cheaper. The *Cowries* or porcelain shells are among the most beautiful of univalves. Externally the shells are elongated and rounded, the spiral structure being recognizable only through dissection. The aperture extends from end to end, terminating in deep notches, and the lips of

the opening are covered with projections or teeth. Most of the shells are of variegated colors, in reference to which fanciful names have been given the different kinds. Figure 8 represents a number of typical forms, most of which are from the Indo-Pacific seas. Very few species are found in the Atlantic. A shows the beautiful spotted cowry or tiger shell;

B is marked by many patches of color suggesting the beauties of prepared tortoise shell, hence called the

cowry; C is the eyed cowry or peacock shell, so named from the brilliant spots upon its surface, the long aperture, deep notches and prominent teeth of this form are shown in the figure of its under surface; D is the comparatively small but very beautiful money cowry, usually white or tinted with yellow; this form has been so highly prized as to pass for money among certain African tribes. Closely allied to the cowries proper (*Cypræida*) are the egg shells (*Ovulum*), characterized by white elongated and rounded shells. The typical form, (*Ovulum ovum*) is shown in E, and the folded form, or *Weaver's Shuttle* is illustrated at F.

The cowry shells are beautiful in all conditions, though the brilliancy of the living shell so far surpasses that of the empty specimen as scarcely to admit of a comparison between the two. In the one case the mansion is deserted, the tenant is away, and the structure is faded, in the other, the residence is



beautifully kept. But in our admiration of the stately house, let us not forget the creature for whose accommodation it

shell. Sprouting from the head are two well developed tentacles, each bearing a large eye. The creature moves with a

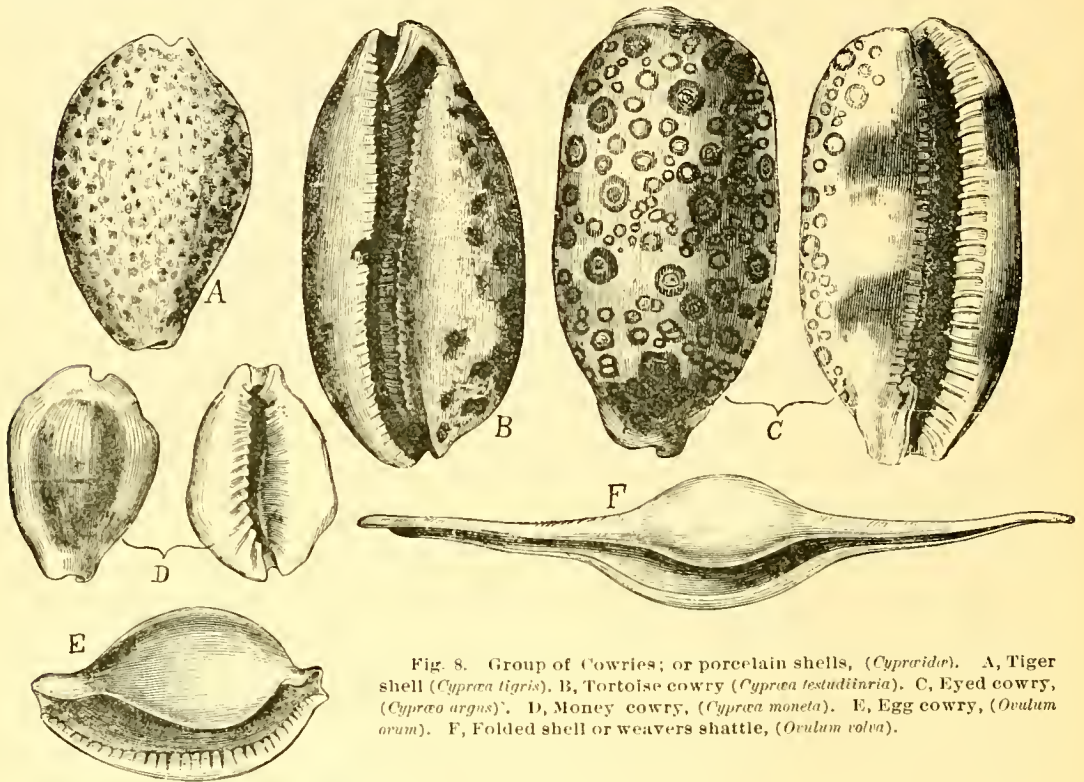


Fig. 8. Group of Cowries; or porcelain shells, (*Cypræidae*). A, Tiger shell (*Cypræa tigris*). B, Tortoise cowry (*Cypræa testudinaria*). C, Eyed cowry, (*Cypræo argus*). D, Money cowry, (*Cypræa moneta*). E, Egg cowry, (*Ovulum arum*). F, Folded shell or weavers shattle, (*Ovulum volva*).

as been constructed. Here is a picture (figure 9) of the living creature, the spotted cowry or tiger shell, with the ex-

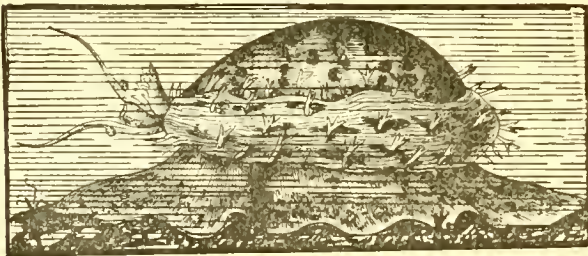


Fig. 9. The spotted cowry (*cypræa tigris*) with parts of body protruded from the shell.

tensible soft parts protruded. The body is elongated, and is enveloped by a very large mantle, capable of covering the



Fig. 10. Spout shell, (*Aporrhais occidentalis*).

dignity and grace befitting its singular beauty.

Figure 10 shows the *Aporrhais* or *Spout*



Shell, of which but four living species are known; one of these frequents our northern coasts; the others are to be

entire divided into horn-like pieces; this form is the common pelican's foot shell.

The *Conch Shells* (*Strombidae*), some times also called *Wing Shells* in reference to the broad wing-like lip, constitute a very important family. They vary in length from a few inches to a foot or more. The large foot is well developed; and unlike the corresponding organ in most other gastropods is divided, thus adapting the creature to active movement, which is accomplished by a series of leaps. The strombs are carnivorous in habit. The

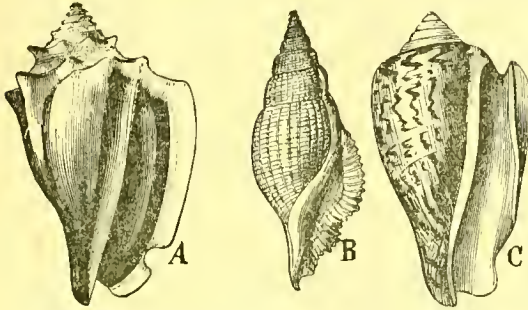


Fig. 11. Wing shells, or strombs. A, Common Florida stromb (*Strombus pugilis*). B, *Strombus cancellatus*. C, *Strombus luhuanus*.

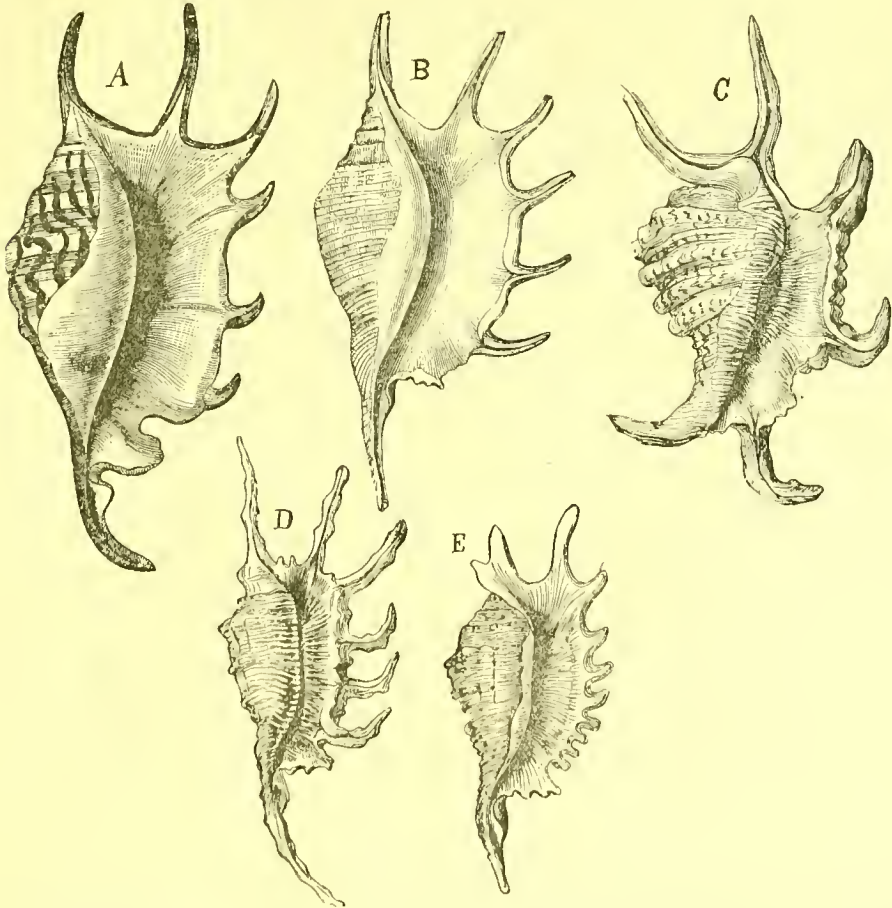


Fig. 12. Group of scorpion shells. A and B, varieties of licked shells, (*Pteroceras lambis*). C, Gouty hand shell, (*Pteroceras chrysa*). D, Scorpion shell proper, (*Pteroceras scapula*). E, Milliped shell, (*Pteroceras millipeda*)

sought for in the warmer European seas. In one species the expanded lip is

shell is gathered at the top into a sharp spire. Figure 11 shows three interesting



forms. The coasts of Florida and of the West Indies furnish a variety of these shells, which are used as ornaments.

A group of *Scorpion Shells* (*Pteroceras*) is shown in the accompanying cut, (figure 12); most of the species of this family come from the Indian seas. The name *Pteroceras*, means literally "horn-winged," and has reference to the horn-like prolongation of the lip. During the animal's early life these horns are channeled, but later they become solid. The coloring of the scorpion shells is very beautiful particularly along the lip. About ten living species, and ten times

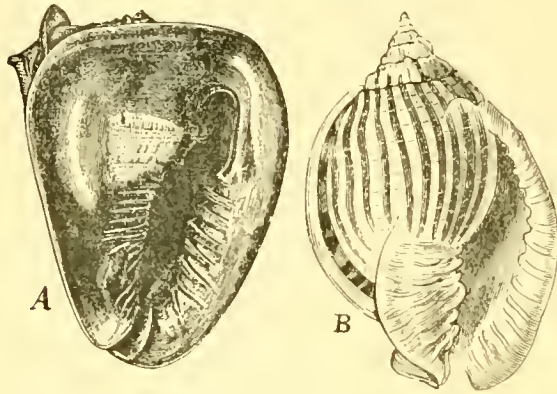


Fig. 3. Helmet shells. A, Typical helmet shell, (*Cassidulus madagariensis*), B, Striped helmet, (*Cassidulus zebra*.)

as many fossil kinds are known. The *Helmet Shells*. (*Cassidulus*) comprise a number of species, all possessing stout, heavy shells with a short spire.

The creatures are active and predaceous, feeding largely upon the juicy bodies of bivalves. Figure 13 illustrates two fine helmet shells; A the typical form, called the Madagascar shell from its place of occurrence, and B the striped helmet shell, called the Zebra shell from its suggestive stripes.

The shell consists of a number of differently colored layers, and on this account helmet shells have been largely, and are still to some extent in demand

for the cutting of cameos. In the manufacture of these works of art, the upper layers of a carefully selected piece of shell are cut away, thus providing a figure of many tints, in relief upon a differently colored background.

J. E. T.

## FRED PALMER'S ADVENTURE.

### An Incident of the World's Fair.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 485.]

ON the Monday following their arrival they made their first visit to the Fair grounds, and it will be long before the impression made by the wonderful sights of the Exposition City will fade from Fred's mind. The ride down to the Park, a distance of ten miles, was made on the Illinois Central Railroad, a line that runs through the city and north and south to the suburbs, and on the way Fred had his first glimpse of the great Lake Michigan. The railway ran close along the shore, and they could see besides the yachts and steam and fishing boats which dotted the water, the fishing nets, and various other devices for fish catching set at the edge of the shore along which they glided.

Numberless small boys were seen upon the heaps of rock and brush which makes a sort of dam or breakwater along the shore, with slender rods in their hands, fishing in the water, and a number were seen bathing in the lake, jumping and diving from the rocks or low sheds which edge the shore.

They reached the first Fair grounds station in about twenty minutes, and were soon following the throngs through a narrow street towards the entrance to the grounds.



They found a series of gates or doors at the entrance worked on the plan of a turnstile, and over each was marked, "pay gate," "pass gate," "workmen's gate," etc., the designation being made both to aid in the quicker ingress of the throngs, and to enable them to keep account of the number of people passing into the grounds each day. Purchasing tickets at the small stand out side, they made their way through the "pay gate," and were soon inside the grounds of the great Exposition.

A wonderful sight it was which met their gaze. Before them in each direction stretched stately avenues, leading past rows of splendid palaces, all gleaming white as Parian marble. Blue canals and lagoons wound through the thoroughfares, their waters dotted with gondolas and other boats, rowed by Italian gondoliers, and filled with gay throngs; while in a lake or pond at one side were a number of tiny canoes rowed by Esquimaux, who appeared now and then beneath an arch in the wall which enclosed the Esquimaux village.

In every direction as far as eye could reach the great avenues were lined with people of every nationality, French, Italians, Germans, East Indian, Ceylonese, Japanese, Chinese, Bedouins, South Sea Islanders, and every other people on the globe, all dressed in native costume, and appearing as much at home as if under the separate climes to which each one belonged.

Mingled with these were numberless World's Fair guards and guides in uniform, the guards patrolling the grounds, the others rolling the wheeled chairs in which a great many of the World's Fair visitors chose to ride about the grounds.

Their first step was to take the Intramural railway, an elevated train

which circles the inside of the white city, in order to view the grounds, and ascending the steep steps to the platform—a height of about twenty feet from the ground—were soon spinning around the city.

As one by one great buildings came into view, and in the distance showed the clustered roofs and domes of the many splendid palaces compassing the city, the arched bridges and beautiful lagoons, Fred could not help experiencing a great thrill of thankfulness that he had been enabled to see the great and wonderful sights.

Coming back to the terminus they decided to visit some of the State Buildings first at the north end of the grounds, and leave the larger and more important buildings to the last. It was a great treat to go through the several buildings devoted to the display of the different States, and in making the round Fred realized more distinctly than he had ever before done in his life the varied resources of the different localities and the patriotism and energy which had inspired the efforts of their people and representatives in making and showing the many sources of wealth and power as should be a credit to the great nation of which they are a part.

He went back to the hotel that night somewhat weary physically from the day's sight seeing, but with his mind stored with a fund of knowledge which it would have taken years of mere school study and instruction to provide.

Upon reaching the hotel they found that the trunks had not yet been sent from the depot, and after supper Mr. Palmer started down to the station to see after them. Being well rested by this time, Fred and the girls asked to go with him, and as Mr. Palmer



thought it would be an interesting sight for them to see the river tunnel and the streets of the city by night, he acquiesced, and taking a cable car on the corner the party were soon on their way to the north side, a name given to that part of Chicago lying on the north side of the river. As they sped rapidly along on the open car many more and interesting sights were pointed out to them. The first was the noted Libby Prison, a building made in the model of the famous southern jail of the old war times, and containing many interesting relics of the war between the North and South.

Then came the great Auditorium, the largest building in Chicago, taking up an entire block, and built of solid rock and marble; comprising within its walls a hotel, a theater—the largest in America, and several stores, music halls, club rooms and various offices and halls besides.

Though this was the most important building seen, the most brilliant and startling was a confectionery store on one of the corners, which with its cut glass walls, chandeliers and myriad mirrors, made it show from afar like a magnificent diamond palace. Mr. Palmer stopped the car when they reached it and took them in for some soda water and candy, principally that they might have a closer view of the dazzling and beautiful interior.

It was rich and artistic enough for an Aladdin's palace, and the children cherished its remembrance as one of the most interesting sights seen in the bustling city.

Once on the car again they came soon to another of Chicago's giant structures—the famous new Masonic Hall, which has a height of twenty-one stories,

known as the highest building west of New York.

After a long ride, during which the stores and business blocks showed no signs of ending, they came at last to the river, and their experience at this point seemed to the children the most wonderful of all.

Instead of crossing a bridge to the other side the car commenced suddenly to descend down a gradual incline into a tunnel built of solid rock, and presently all sight of the city was lost and all that could be seen was the narrow walls and high arched roof of the tunnel, lit by its frequent globes of electric light.

"Why, papa," exclaimed little Grace, who, sitting on the further end of these had not caught the conversation in which her father had described the wonderful Chicago River tunnel, "why, papa, I thought one had to cross to the other side of the river.

"That's right, Wide Awake; we will probably be on the other side before you have your nap out," said Fred, teasingly.

"But how, papa? we haven't crossed over it," said Grace, ignoring Fred's sarcasm.

"We're crossing under it, Brightly," still volunteered Fred in his father's stead.

"Under it!" gasped May, too startled to resent Fred's superior tone.

"Why yes, little one," said her father, laughing at her look of consternation, "we are forty feet under the bed of the river."

May drew another gasp and gave a half-fearful look upward at the arched roof. "Think of that deep river being right over us," she exclaimed at last with a little nervous shudder.

They all laughed at her evident and



useless alarm, but it was indeed something of a marvel to all of them to realize that the deep and muddy current of the river, laden with its fleet of steamers and rafts and boats actually rolled above their heads, while they glided safely through the narrow way dug down deep under its bed.

It was one of the many wonderful instances of what American push and energy have done to make Chicago a great city. The car soon swerved up the incline which makes the entrance on the opposite side of the river, and they were soon at the doors of the great depot.

The trunks by some mistake had been sent over to the storehouse, and the baggage master, taking a lantern in his hand, told them to follow him across the way to the storage building in order to identify the trunks.

They entered a great hall, where a hundred or more trunks were piled that had either not been claimed or had been sent there by mistake, and the man told them that some of the trunks had been there for several years awaiting identification. He told them an instance of a bride who had lost her trunk containing her bridal trousseau for a period of seven years, and it was finally restored to her just one week after she had married her second husband, she having been subsequently divorced from the husband with whom she had made the bridal trip during which she had lost her trunk.

They easily found their own luggage, and returned home feeling that the day had been well filled with sight-seeing.

The remainder of the week was spent at the Fair grounds, the State Building, which they had not yet seen, and some of the general buildings as well, being visited during the several days.

It was now Saturday, and all the

family, except Fred, were going to visit the Fine Arts Building, to make a study of the beautiful paintings and statuary contained within its walls.

They had all spent the afternoon there the day before, and Fred had found it somewhat tiresome, his taste not having yet been cultivated to the extent of appreciating the art display as much as some of the more practical exhibits contained in the grounds.

He went over to the machinery hall, delighting in its display of large engines and the manufactures turned out in the building, and then strolled down to the Childrens' Building, where he had heard were the gymnasium and other games provided for the young people, thinking perhaps to have a try at the sports himself.

He played awhile on the horizontal bars and trapeze in the gymnasium, then went up on to the roof to try the glass toboggan slide of which he had heard so much. He found the "slide" but little longer than his own lengthy limbs, however, the sport being devised for the benefit of the smaller children, so soon found his way downstairs again. Coming out of the door he saw quite a crowd collected outside the Woman's Building, and walked down that way to find out the cause of the gathering. Coming nearer he heard the sound of a boy's voice, accompanied by a guitar, singing a popular air, and made his way into the crowd to get a nearer view and hearing. A boy of about fourteen years of age stood in the midst of the throng, his clothes poor and badly torn, a ragged hat on his head, a lock of his uncombed hair showing in a rent between the rim and crown.

He was singing a burlesque on the popular song, "After the Ball," and as some catchy or witty line was sung the



crowd about him laughed and applauded; some among them dropping pieces of money into a sort of small satchel strapped over his shoulder.

Fred waited to hear several verses, then finding by his watch that it was past the time he had agreed to meet the rest of the folks for lunch, he made his way out of the crowd and started hastily on his way towards the place agreed upon for meeting. He had gone but a short distance when something lying in the road at one side attracted his attention and he stopped to pick it up. It proved to be a pocket-book, and opening it Fred saw several ten and twenty dollar notes inside, making in all quite a considerable sum. He looked around thinking perhaps to see someone coming in search of it, but as no one was near he decided to take the purse to his father, who would be able to take means perhaps of having it returned to the owner.

Putting it in his pocket he was walking hastily onward when a sudden clamor behind him made him turn and look back.

Two or three of the Columbian Guards were hastening towards him, while at their side was a fleshy woman laboriously keeping up with their swift steps and crying out shrilly as she ran.

"That's him," she shouted, pointing in Fred's direction. "I saw him standing right close to me in the crowd. He picked my pocket, I know he did. Catch him! catch him! Don't let him get away!"

The next moment they had caught up with Fred, and two of the guards caught hold of his shoulders.

"What's the matter?" asked Fred, struggling between them.

"This lady has lost her purse, young man, and she thinks you've got it."

"Oh, is it her purse?" asked Fred eagerly, understanding it at once; then seeing the significant smile on the faces around him, hastened to explain.

"I've just found a purse," he said, taking the pocket-book from his pocket.

"I picked it up just a little way down the road there."

"Picked it up," cried the fleshy woman, snatching the purse from Fred's hand, "a likely thing to try and sneak out of your theft that way. Picked it out of my pocket you'd better say, you shameless young villain!"

"What are you talking about, all of you?" said Fred, speaking very roughly in his anger and indignation.

"Oh, that's too thin, young fellow; it don't go," answered one of the guards, taking a firmer grasp on Fred's shoulder.

"Do you take me for a thief?" said Fred, turning red and white by turns in his anger and consternation.

"Well, yes," returned another of the guards, "seeing you was caught in the very act."

"Caught in what act?" exclaimed Fred; "do you call it thieving to pick up a purse you find lying in the road?"

"He didn't find it in the road," interrupted the woman. "It was in that crowd I first missed it, and he was standing right by me. The reason that I noticed him was I thought it was strange he started and walked off so sudden, before the little fellow finished his song. I noticed he walked awful quick, too. Then just after a few minutes I started to get my purse out to put a nickel in the boy's satchel and found it was gone. I know he stole it."

"It looks a pretty straight case it strikes me," spoke up one of the guards in reply, "seein's the purse is found on him."

"There's no doubt in my mind,"



replied one of his companions. "Just step down there and ring up the patrol," he continued, "and we'll take him over to the guard-house."

One of the men stepped up to an alarm box by the roadside, and in a few moments from the time he had sounded the call the Columbian patrol wagon dashed down one of the avenues and rapidly approached the little group.

Fred made strong efforts to free himself from the grasp of the guards before it reached him, made almost desperate by the thought of the humiliation to which he was to be submitted. His efforts were all in vain, however, and in a moment he was pushed into the narrow, box-like vehicle and was being rapidly driven towards the guard-house.

Arrived there, the guards told the story of his supposed theft, making it appear in a very bad light, and the officer in charge proposed that Fred should be delivered at once into the hands of the city authorities.

Fred's indignation was so genuine at this proposal that the officers were impressed in spite of themselves, and when he demanded to be allowed to go to the spot where he could meet his father, they consented to let him do so, though he was to be kept under strict surveillance of the guards.

"It'll do no harm to have his folks know about it, if he's got any friends down here," said the officer, "and as there's nobody here to identify them in the crowd, why we might as well let him find 'em— if he can."

Fred walked out of the guard-house between the two Columbian officers, every fiber of his soul and body rebelling at the unjust position into which he had been forced.

They reached the Art Building in a

few moments, but though Fred made a thorough search for his family in the crowded place no sign of them could be seen.

The hour now was long past the time agreed upon for their meeting, and the family were doubtless either somewhere at dinner or scattered in different directions through the Fair grounds.

After a long search and wait near the spot in hopes of seeing some of them by chance, Fred was taken back to the guard house, where upon news of his failure, he was told that he might direct a note to his father at the State Building, giving him one more chance of seeing his relatives before being taken to the city jail. Fred eagerly took advantage of the offer, thinking perhaps some of the folks might drop in at the Utah Building in search of him, as long as he had not met them at the hour agreed on. The guard returned saying they had not been there, but he left the note and the officers agreed to give him until four o'clock to hear from them. Fred felt sure that before that time something must occur to save him further disgrace and humiliation for a deed of which he was absolutely innocent. It was now half-past one o'clock, and the hands on the clock moved slowly round to two, three and half-past three, and still no sign came from his father or friends.

In answer to his request a guard was sent over to the Utah Building again to see if there was any news from them, but they had not returned at all to the Building during the day.

Fred had given the messenger instructions to say nothing of his predicament to the people there, as he felt too shamed and humiliated by the adventure to be able to bear the thought of anyone knowing of it, so no search had been made for his father, and the last hope



was lost of his being saved from the experience of the city jail. He knew that his father would come to him before night was over, for a note would reach him at the hotel when he went home, if not before; but Fred could not bear the thought of the prison and the examination, and especially the report which he knew would be published with the rest of the police news in the papers, no matter how the case should come out, and the sense of injustice and wrong with it made his trial almost unbearable. There was no help for it, however, for at four o'clock the city patrol wagon was on hand, and Fred was obliged to take his place in the hated conveyance.

Before going he addressed a letter to his father at the hotel, and knew that he had done all that he could do to avert his unmerited disgrace. The wagon was driven through the grounds to the sixty-fourth street entrance, the curious throng along the way trying to get a glimpse of the occupant of the well-known public carriage. The close covers fortunately saved Fred this humiliation, as only the front end of the wagon was open, and he was able to sit in the shadow so they could not see him. They had almost reached the gates leading from the Fair grounds, and Fred overcoming his shame and fear of being seen, stood up for a moment and looked over the driver's shoulder at the crowds of people.

It proved to be a fortunate and inspired impulse, for looking straight before him he saw among the throngs the faces of the dear ones for whom he had looked and yearned all day. In a moment he had called out, and the guard at the rear hearing his voice opened the door, and Fred pointed out to him the faces of his friends.

The wagon was stopped, and in

a moment his father and the rest of them were round the patrol wagon listening to Fred's indignant recital of his wrongs.

His manner and the appearance of his friends both conspired to make a favorable impression, but whether this would have availed to help him out of his straight was doubtful, the evidence seeming to be in fact more against than for him.

Just at this moment, however, his unmerited trials were brought to an end by the unexpected appearance of a witness, who was able to testify in his favor. The witness was in the person of a guard, who hearing the talk about the wagon, drew near to listen to the conversation. As soon as he had heard the details of the affair, he spoke at once to the officer.

"Every word of his story's true," he assented; "I was on the upper porch of the Woman's Building this morning and saw the whole affair—that is excepting the arrest.

"I saw him stoop down and pick up the purse, and afterward open it and examine its contents.

"I started down stairs intending to advise him to hand the purse in at the office, to be advertised for possible identification, but on my way down was put on duty to keep the crowds from entering the lecture room during the ladies' reception, and the affair slipped from my mind. I remember and recognize the boy perfectly, however, and can positively exonerate him from the charge of theft."

The man's testimony was accepted without a word or question, and in a moment Fred was permitted to descend from the wagon, and found himself at liberty.

When they were upon the cars going homeward his father leaned over and said laughingly:



"Well, Fred, when you go home you can tell the folks that you have seen everything at the World's Fair except the inside of a jail."

His father's light manner of treating the affair was the very best thing for Fred's strained nerves, who felt as if he had suffered some inefaceable stain by his experience. By the time bedtime came he had recovered to a great extent from the strain of his adventure, but before he went to rest he yet felt compelled to utter a prayer of thankfulness that circumstances had so opportunely transpired to save him from being able to count among his World's Fair experiences, as his father jokingly expressed it, "a night in a city jail."

*J. Spencer.*

#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

##### Home Industries.

SOONER or later in the course of human events the Lord will vindicate the wisdom of the teachings which He has inspired His servants to give. He has done so in the past, and He will also do so in the future. Counsel which the servants of the Lord have given has been scoffed at by different ones, but time has shown they were correct and where this has not already been done the day is sure to arrive when their correctness will be beyond question.

In the present stringency in money matters has any one thought of the teachings of President Young and his companions concerning the best methods for Latter-day Saints to adopt for self-sustenance?

Were the lessons which they taught correct?

Has not all the experience of the people caused them to appear more

beautiful and appropriate as the years have rolled by?

The fact is, the truths which have been taught the Latter-day Saints by President Young and the other leading men, and those who have succeeded them, must find their practical application in the lives of the Latter-day Saints before they can be the people which the predictions describe. They must learn to live more within themselves. It is essentially necessary to their future happiness and prosperity that they should be self-sustaining, that all articles of consumption that can either be produced or manufactured in this country should be the object of their attention, so that they will not have to depend upon others for them.

One of the great blessings which the Lord inspired Moses to promise the children of Israel was that they should be lenders and not borrowers. This promise was to be fulfilled if they kept His commandments. If they did not keep His commandments and violated the covenants which they made the condition was to be reversed. They should become borrowers instead of lenders. We may confidently expect that this will be the case with His people in these days.

The thought has occurred, if Babylon should fall where would we stand, we being so dependent upon her? Human prudence, as well as the counsel of the Lord, suggests that we should be a self-sustaining people, that we should not depend upon others, that we should make use of the elements within our reach and put them to a proper use. A factory was started two years ago for the purpose of manufacturing sugar, the site selected being in Utah County. It was clear to the leading men among the people that it was an enterprise that



should receive hearty encouragement. But how little interest has been taken in it! A few men who felt that the Lord had something to do with suggesting it exerted themselves to the utmost and took upon themselves exceedingly heavy burdens to carry it forward to completion. If it could be made a success they saw what a benefit it would be to the country in keeping the amount of money in the Territory that otherwise would have to be sent out for the purchase of sugar. But they have not been sustained. The people generally have taken comparatively little interest in the enterprise. Home manufacture has not been popular, while stocks in banks and other money-making institutions have been. It is quite likely that time will prove whether home manufactures are the best investments or not. Time may prove that though they may not be the best investment for immediate profit for the individual, they are the best investments for the community and for the Territory, and in the end for the individual, for the individual must profit by the general prosperity. The prospect now before the sugar making industry is most cheering. It is about the only enterprise in the country that gives any promise today of remunerative returns. If nothing should happen to spoil the beet crop, a very conservative estimate places the saving to the Territory in sugar that will be manufactured at a quarter of a million dollars—that is, it would require at least that amount to purchase the quantity of sugar that will be manufactured by the Utah Sugar Company this season if the crop continues to give as good promise as it does at present. A good many men, among whom is the manager of the factory, place the probable value of the product at a still higher value than this.

But what a benefit this one branch of home industry is to the Territory! The farmers who plant the beets will find no crop that will bring them cash as they will. It enables them to cultivate their land with a prospect of a sure return in cash for their product. The cereals, vegetables, fruit, etc., are not likely to bring cash returns to any extent. It is probable that the price for these articles will be low, but beet culture enriches the land, gives employment to a great many hands, and under proper conditions can be made profitable. Then there is all the labor connected with the hauling of the beets, the preparing of them for market and the manufacture of them into sugar. Let all this be taken into consideration, in addition to the fact that a quarter of a million of dollars may be kept in the country that would have to be sent out for sugar, and what a blessing such an establishment is to any community!

It would be well if we could remember the sound and wise and God-like teachings that we have received in the past, teachings with which our literature is filled and which statesmen in every land might derive profit from perusing.

*The Editor.*

THEY are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

HE who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything.

CONSCIENCE is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.

THE work performed by the human body in a day in circulating the blood, in breathing, and in other processes, is equal to that of twenty-two horse power for one minute, or sufficient to light a three-candle incandescent light continuously.



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**Juvenile Instructor**

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1893.

**EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.****Trade-Unions and Apprentices in America.**

THE question of the apprentice system is being agitated in a prominent Eastern magazine. That magazine makes the assertion that in all the trades in New York, Americans are discriminated against as much as possible. It attempts to prove, and furnishes good evidence to sustain its position, that all the trades are almost entirely in the hands of foreigners. It gives an illustration of that in what is called the "Journeymen Plasterers' Union" of New York City. By two agreements, which were entered into between this union and the employers, and which are still in force, native-born Americans are excluded from the plasterers' trade for seven years. The direct effect of these agreements, the magazine states, is that foreign workmen who may not have worked at the trade for six months before coming to America are admitted as journeymen. The trade-unions, which all authorities agree are controlled by foreigners, object to apprentices on the ground that there are too many workmen now for the amount of labor, and that to increase the number of workmen by allowing boys to learn trades will be to still further decrease the amount of work for each man. Yet these same trade-unions admit freely all foreign workmen who come into the country. They even go further than this. They admit temporarily hundreds

and thousands of such who come to America to remain only during the busy season and who return to Europe at its close.

The question is pertinently asked, if these trade-unions are not opposed to the boys because they are Americans, why do they not refuse admittance to these foreigners? If their ranks are too crowded, they certainly should not exclude American boys and at the same time admit foreign workmen.

To a very large extent each employer in New York is allowed two apprentices, and an apprentice is required to serve four years. Under these rules an employer can graduate only one apprentice every other year. Inasmuch as the number of employers in any one trade is not large, these restrictions amount virtually, it is claimed, to an exclusion of American young men from the trades. The magazine referred to quotes from a paper read by a delegate at the sixth convention of house painters and decorators held in Philadelphia. The writer of this paper states "that after a personal investigation among at least six hundred master painters and decorators in Philadelphia and vicinity he had discovered that not an average of one in fifteen had a single apprentice in his business. There seemed to be an abhorrence with reference to the employment of boys to learn the trade."

From all the evidence that has come before the editor of the magazine which deals with this question, it appears plain that the apprenticeship system has fallen entirely into disuse, and that one of the reasons for this is the hostility of the foreign-born workmen who control the trades to workmen of American birth. The trade-unions have adopted such regulations in regard to apprentices as to make it practically impossible for



American boys to learn trades in shops where these unions have any control. This magazine alleges that the same hostility is exhibited towards manual training in trade schools, and makes quotations of the utterances of leaders of labor organizations to prove that American boys, trained in schools where manual training and trades are taught, are not wanted, and that the system of training boys in this way is opposed and condemned. The reason for all this is a desire to maintain labor in America for the exclusive benefit of foreign workmen.

If the statements made by this magazine be correct, and immigrants are permitted to control the labor field against American boys, then a very bad condition of affairs exists. Manual training and trade schools have met with great favor in the East. The training which they give has been thought to be an excellent preparation for young men who wish to learn trades. The motive which prompted their establishment was certainly an excellent one; but under the system that prevails in all the large cities the object for which they were established can be practically defeated. The trade-unions are a great power, and they make their power felt. Employers are almost at their mercy. They dictate the manner in which the work shall be performed and by whom it shall be performed. A man who may be objectionable to the union for any cause can be deprived of all labor at their hands, and no employer would dare to give him work, because if he did so the rest of the workmen, under instructions from the trade-union, would strike and stop all work. The rules and regulations which are frequently enforced amount to a tyranny that is hateful in many of its features.

American boys should learn trades and become familiar with every branch of skilled labor. There can be no objection to immigrants who come into the country receiving employment at the branches which they have been accustomed to work, but they should not be employed to the exclusion of native-born workmen, neither should there be any rule permitted that would prevent an American boy from learning any trade for which he has a taste and aptitude.

Among the Latter-day Saints the learning of trades should be encouraged. Our young men should acquire a knowledge of skilled branches of industry. We have among us skilled workmen in the various trades who cannot be excelled by the workmen of any part of the United States. This being the case, young men can receive excellent training. There should be no jealousy or opposition shown to young men who desire to learn trades. The country is large enough and there is ample room for the employment of men in all branches. New settlements are constantly being formed in which skilled workmen will find a welcome.

In all branches of building there will always be considerable demand for workmen among the Latter-day Saints. We are a building people, and there is no room to doubt that in the future the Latter-day Saints will be noted for the excellence of their architecture, for the stability and excellence of their dwellings and their public buildings. Their religion prompts them to build in this manner. It is their religion that has caused them to erect elegant temples, and it will lead them to construct magnificent edifices of every kind. There is no community on this continent which has the incentives the Latter-day Saints



have to erect superior dwelling houses and public buildings. For this reason every young man who has a taste for mechanism should have the opportunity of acquiring skill in the use of tools and in the higher branches of his trade. In fact, whatever the pursuit may be that may be adopted as a means of livelihood by a young man, he should seek to thoroughly master it in all its details.

There is a great variety of tastes among the people. This variety is frequently found among children of one family. One will have a taste for one branch of business and another for another. Some boys have a taste for the cultivation of the soil. Where they do they should have the opportunity of gratifying it, and should learn to do their farming in an intelligent and profitable manner. Another may have a taste for the management of stock. He should seek to qualify himself to produce the finest breeds, and in whatever direction the taste of a young man may lead him he should strive to make himself as perfect as possible in that business.

To condemn manual training and trade schools is an exceedingly narrow and selfish proceeding. They have been the means of doing a great amount of good, and with proper care and by their being generously fostered they will undoubtedly perform a great amount of good in the future.

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#### GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

"AND were you only sixteen years of age when you joined the Church, grandma?" asked Stella, as she sat on a footstool near her grandmother's feet.

"Yes, my dear, I was about that age."

"And were your parents willing for you to join the Mormons?"

"They did not know it or they——"

"Oh, grandma, do tell me the whole story, I would be so pleased to hear it all."

"It has always seemed so sacred, I haven't told it to many people, but I will tell it to you, that you may see how your Heavenly Father has worked in my behalf. My father died soon after I was born, and after awhile my mother married again. I seemed to be rather out of place to my young step-father, who bore no love for me, so my grandparents adopted me.

"Grandfather was head gardener for Lord B., and in very prosperous circumstances, so I lived in a beautiful home and had everything I could desire.

"I was a bright child, so I remember our visitors would say as they petted me—with a warm heart, that soon won the love of these two dear old people. My every wish was granted and my pleasure was always foremost in their minds.

"But though I was petted and almost idolized, yet I was not a spoiled child. I knew when my grandfather commanded I must obey without question. All my life, until I was fifteen, I attended the Episcopalian Church, and had never paid much attention to religion. At this time there was a great deal of talk about the Mormons, and I had never heard a good word spoken about them. My grandfather was greatly prejudiced against them, and being an influential man in that community, he embittered many others.

"One bright evening I heard a Mormon Elder was going to hold a meeting in H., and more from curiosity than anything else I went to hear him, taking great care not to let my grandparents know anything about it.

"There, in Brother S's house I heard



the first Mormon sermon, and I felt and knew every word of it was true. I was so filled with a strange, but exalted spirit, I could scarcely keep my seat.

"After that meeting I could never feel satisfied, I desired to know more and more. Often I would go to Brother S., who was a shoemaker, and stand by his work-bench, while he explained to me the truths of the gospel.

"I never dared let my grandfather know. I knew he would become so enraged that I trembled at what might be the result.

"Nevertheless, I had a testimony, and my heart was filled with a longing to be baptized. At last I could endure the longing no more, and went to Brother S, requesting him to baptize me secretly, which he did after much pleading.

"After that I lived between joy and fear: what if the truth should become known! I trembled for the consequences. You see, child, I was really a coward in the gospel. But it was their suffering, not mine, I dreaded.

"Some time after my baptism, an old woman, who was angry at me, told my grandfather the whole truth, out of revenge. Try to imagine what a blow this was to him. Proud man, that he was, despising and scorning the very name, to be told that the child he loved and trusted had joined that hated band! Oh, that terrible day for me! God alone could know my feelings when I was summoned before those two I loved so well. Tremblingly I stood awaiting my doom. There sat my grandfather, pale as death, the dark circles beneath his eyes and a haggard expression on his face."

Here the good woman stopped to wipe away the tears that stole down her cheeks.

"'Oh, child, child, is this true?' he

asked, and the words seemed fairly wrung out.

"At that moment one of the greatest struggles of my life took place between the powers of light and darkness. If I said yes, I would have to sacrifice parents, love, home, and everything I held most dear, and if I said no I could still have a home and be loved and trusted. But if I said no I would be denying the light God had given me, which was a great sin in His eyes. This I dare not do. So after the short conflict, which was more keen for its being short, I decided to be truthful.

"'Yes,' I said with a great effort, and it fell in that silent room like a death knell upon us all.

"May I never again pass through moments (it seemed hours) of such suspense. I sat there breathless, watching my grandfather's face, contorted by conflicting passions. Then came these dreadful words," but here the speaker stopped, again overcome with feeling. She grew more calm.

"'Go. Never enter my house again. This is the gratitude with which you have repaid me for my love and protection.' Then turning to my poor, broken-down grandmother, whose heart was more tender than his, he said: 'Never aid or see the girl again at the cost of separation.' Once more he turned to me and said: 'May I never look upon your face again; go!'

"Can one think of anything more cruel? Brought up in luxury, and then to be suddenly thrown on this cold world, after losing every tie that bound me to those I loved better than my life—all because God had answered my humble prayer.

"To my young heart this was almost a death-blow. Without the assistance of my Heavenly Father I never could have



stood it, for my spirit was crushed. Never before or since have I offered a prayer like the supplication that went up then from a weary soul and a broken heart to beseech His aid. After that I felt calmer; but, oh, that wounded heart nothing but time could ever heal. I stayed with a friend, worked in a millinery shop and earned enough money to come to Zion, in the tops of the mountains. Sometimes it seemed that my burden was too much and I would have to give up, when pouring out my soul in prayer, the Comforter would again enable me to bear my burden graciously, and to trust to Him for my future happiness. Now, my child, I'll tell you more another time; I'm weary and want to rest."

Stella, closing the door softly, said: "Poor grandma; but her trials have almost made an angel of her, she is so sweet and good."

*Oranda Whitbeck.*

## THE PORTUGUESE MEN-OF-WAR.

### I. The Young Girl's Story.

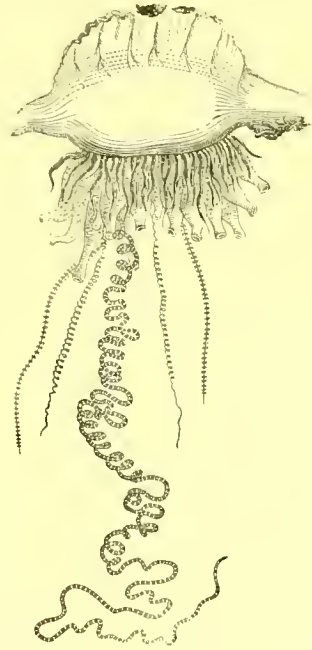
WE had gone down, my uncle, my cousins and I, to a place called Moore's Landing, some seven miles north of Santa Barbara.

It was in December, and the tide was very low. We were gathering shells. I saw a place, away up the coast, where there seemed to be a great pool of tide water. So I left the others and ran up there to see what I could find.

The pool was larger, and further away than I thought. I followed it until I came to a place where it was narrow and shallow. My feet were bare, and I waded across. The current was so swift that it nearly took me off my feet. But on the other side, at the foot of the tall, steep bluffs, there were a number of live

shells, and I soon heaped the basket I carried.

By keeping along at the base of the bluffs, I thought I could go straight back. I had come further than I meant, a mile at the very least. So I hurried along, sometimes wading through shallow water, sometimes climbing over sharp rocks that hurt my feet. Every moment I grew more anxious to get back. If the tide should turn while I was shut in between this great tide pool and the



The Portuguese man-o' war.

bluffs, I could hardly escape, for the pool, strangely enough, grew deeper as I neared its head, which it certainly should not have done.

But suddenly I stopped short. There, in the water, and basking in the sun, was a whole school of the most charming Portuguese Men-of-War.

Perhaps you have never seen them.

They are rare, even on this coast.

Fancy an immense snail, six to ten inches long, with funny horns sprouting



on either side of its head, its body all mottled with the most beautiful colors, shining like a prism in the sun, and with filmy wings that rise like tiny sails from its back.

I poured out all my shells, then I lifted one after another and put them in my basket, until it was full of them—sixteen in all. It was only a little distance now to where the children were playing. I could see them plainly, but the sea drowned the sound of their voices and mine. All that lay between us was about sixty feet of water, the head of that curious tide pool.

In this spot it was only a little over a foot to the sand at the bottom, and there seemed to be no current, so I rested my basket on the rocks, gathered up my skirts, and began to let myself down.

I don't know why I didn't jump right down, with the basket in my hand. I don't know why I rested one foot on that lower ledge of rock, until I should touch bottom with the other foot. But oh, when my foot reached the sandy bed, it went down and down, over the instep, over the ankle, inch by inch, half way to the knee, until suddenly I thought of quicksands, and tried to pull it out. And it seemed as if there were some terrible power in the sands, which had taken hold of it. But I clutched the rock with both hands, and by putting forth all my strength and bracing my other foot on the ledge, little by little I drew this one out again, instead of going down to a most horrible death.

There was that long, rough passage over the rocks, and the stream to be crossed, before the spit of sand could be reached, that would take me back to safe ground, and the tide was coming, with the terrible surge and force it always has at this time of the year. I

could not stop to pick my way, but stumbled on, and when I reached the spit of sand it was narrowed to a thread, and before getting back to my uncle and the children, the waters washed over my feet.

But my cuts and bruises, and the long sickness that grew out of the fright and exposure, do not worry me now. I can never get over the thought of those beautiful Portuguese marines, so cruelly left to die in the sunshine, high and dry on the rock.

#### **Their Side of the Story.**

THERE we were, taking our ease in the sun, on the bed of a delightful stream that comes down from the mountains and pierces the bluffs at high water mark, getting just enough salt from the wash of the tide to give it an agreeable flavor. There were a whole family of us, mother and father, and fourteen sons and daughters, all told, and as jolly and good-natured a little family as you often see. Then it was that she came along: an imp, without a horn or a fin, with a tangle of brown sea moss growing on her head, and two long white tentacles where her fins ought to have been. She paddled along in the most awkward fashion, on two white posts, instead of rolling over and unfurling her sails, after the manner of all properly created beings.

When she saw us she stopped and glared at us out of two round holes in her head; then she bent down over us. And if you will believe us, she caught up every one of us in her tentacles, father and mother and fourteen lovely sons and daughters, and dropped us into the queer thing she was carrying, and ran off with us.

There we were, gasping like birds in water, huddled up together, with all our pretty colors faded. And there we



would probably have been until this day if something hadn't happened.

Our pretty stream has to sink down, a hundred feet or more before it can find its way through the bluffs on its path to the sea. And just where it comes bubbling up through the sand, there is the most charming puddle, a hundred feet deep, sand and water to the very bottom. Here we love to float about on hot days, and sometimes we play at hide and seek.

And here what does she do, this creature without fin or scale, but lay us on a rock, and make ready to dive into our pool. I assure you we waited with the greatest interest, and those of us who were on top ran out our horns to see how she would enjoy it. We had heard that poor, weak creatures, who are born without fins or gills, have a sorry time of it under water, and having no sails, she might go down and down, like the rocks that sometimes fall from the bluffs, and thus make us no more trouble. But all that she did was to stick one of those stiff white posts under the water, and dip it in the sand. Then she gave a scream that was like the cry of a hundred loons, and pulled it out, and raced off in the way she had come, leaving us in the most ridiculous plight, huddled together till we couldn't tell ourselves apart, our pretty coats sprinkled with sand, high and dry on the rocks.

And how did we get down again? The simplest thing in the world. We waited for the next high tide, which floated us out on its bosom, father and mother and fourteen dutiful children, and here we are again in our beautiful pool, playing and feeding all day long. But we pray that we may never again have thrust upon us the society of ill-bred beings who have no fins or tails.

*Flora Haines Longhead.*

#### THE PLUM CREEK MASSACRE.

I LIVED at Fort Kearney, Nebraska, from 1860 to 1867. In the year 1863 I made two visits to the Republican River, some twenty miles south of the Fort. This stream flowed through a most beautiful country, abounding in wild fruits of various kinds, and the soil was seemingly very rich and capable of producing almost anything that could be desired. There were also large numbers of wild turkeys of the finest quality, of which fowl myself and party at one time succeeded in getting twenty-seven, which we distributed to the people even as far east as Omaha and Council Bluffs. Because of the abundance of game in this neighborhood, the Indians of the Pawnee, Omaha, Ogalala, Ponca and Brule Sioux tribes were frequent visitors. It was during a hunt which some Indians had undertaken that two young bucks of about eighteen years of age lost their lives, either through the carelessness or the murderous intent of some hunters whose identity was never discovered. This event made the settlers fearful that the Indians would seek revenge for the death of these two young men, and it was for this reason that Col. Alexander, who was at that time in command at Fort Kearney, made the offer of a guard to any party desiring it who was going west, and such escort would accompany the party as far as Denver. Some people accepted this kind tender, while others did not think it necessary to give the commander the trouble of furnishing a guard. The agent living at Wood River by the name of H. Berry, in company with his two sons, went to the Republican River one day with their team to obtain some wood. Not returning when they were expected, Mrs. Berry applied to Col. Alexander for help to search for her husband and



sons. The soldiers scoured the country, but on their return reported that they were only able to find the wagon. Nothing was seen or heard of the unfortunate men. After this the Colonel sent word to me, as I was postmaster at Kearney City, to notify any people who desired it, that he would furnish a guard to protect them against the attacks of the Indians.

In 1864 Col. James, of Council Bluffs, with a party of fourteen men, two women and one little girl, with fourteen wagons and teams, came along and staid with me one night. I told him that he could have an escort to accompany him over the Indian country, but he and his party felt secure by themselves, as they were prepared with fourteen Winchester repeating rifles, and thought with these weapons and their small arms they could successfully withstand any attack by the Indians. They, however, thanked the Colonel through me for his kind offer. I had known Col. James in 1857. My brother, the late Bishop Pyper, and myself had attended, at his request, several concerts during the winter of this year and had taken part in the exercises. My acquaintance with him therefore enabled me to plead with him to secure an escort for his further journey, but he and one of his party named Henrie were determined to proceed without calling for assistance, and they said:

"Mr. Pyper, we don't fear the Indians. We have fourteen Winchester repeating rifles, and plenty of ammunition."

I felt nervous after they had left, as my acquaintance with the Indians, extending over a period of more than seven years, convinced me that they would not hesitate to take revenge for the wrong they had suffered in the death

of their young men, of any and all companies that were found passing through their lands who could be successfully attacked. Three days elapsed and we heard nothing. The overland mail failed to reach us, and we could not imagine what was the matter. Just at this time one of the officers came to me and said that a messenger on horseback had arrived stating that a terrible massacre had occurred on Plum Creek. I immediately surmised that it was the James party, and therefore accompanied the posse thirty miles distant to Plum Creek. When we arrived the place looked as though a terrible tornado had swept the country. The telegraph line was torn down for miles and miles, but there was nothing to indicate how the damage had been done. Of the party we found no trace, excepting Col. James's cane, with the silver head, which by some means had been left there, and a child's shoe with a foot in it. The desolation which surrounded us, together with this evidence of destruction, caused us to reach the conclusion that the whole party had been slain. We heard nothing more of this event until seven years later, in the year 1871, when six Indians came into Fort Laramie with two white women as prisoners. These Indians were arrested and tried, the people at the Fort supposing them to be the ones who had committed the crime at Plum Creek. The women testified that these Indians were of the party who slew the emigrants on Plum Creek, and that the witnesses were the only survivors of that terrible affair. Since this occurrence they had been taken about the country, and had been treated in a shameful manner by their captors. So much were they injured that they had almost entirely lost their reason, but their evidence of



this affair was so clear and convincing that the Indians were found guilty of the charge of murder and paid the penalty of their crime by hanging. These Indians were of the Brule Sioux tribe. This is, as I understand it, the correct account of this terrible massacre.

*J. M. Pyper.*

#### A FORGOTTEN STORY OF INVENTION.

THERE lived in Normandy, where he was born in 1576, a man named Solomon Caus. He was an engineer and architect, and had held several important positions. He wrote a great many scientific works and papers, of which, however, no one took much notice during his life, and finally was seized with an idea which made his friends and relatives fear that he was mad. After pestering the king and the cardinal at Paris, he was ordered to be taken to Bicetre—the madhouse—and there shut up. This was done.

They had just one way with mad people in those days. They shut them in iron cages and fed them through the bars like wild beasts. They did this to Solomon Caus. For a long time he stood behind those bars all day and called to those who would listen, and to them repeated the story he had told the Cardinal. He became the jest of the place. Some of them even gave him writing materials, and then, amid the misery of his surroundings, he wrote down his ideas and amused his jailers so much the more. However, it could not be long before such a life, such surroundings, would chatter any brain. In time Solomon Caus was as mad as every one believed him.

It was in 1624 that an English nobleman, Lord Worcester, went to Paris and visited Bicetre. As he was passing through the great court, accompanied

by the keeper, a hideous face, with matted beard and hair, appeared at the grating, and a voice shrieked wildly: "Stop! stop! I am not mad. I am shut up here most unjustly. I have made an invention, which would enrich a country that adopted it." "What does he speak of?" the Marquis asked the guide. "Oh, that is his madness," said the man, laughing. "That is a man called Solomon Caus. He is from Normandy. He believes that by the use of steam of boiling water he can make ships go over the ocean and carriages travel by land—in fact, do all sorts of wonderful things. He has even written a book about it, which I can show you."

Lord Worcester asked for the book, glanced over it, and desired to be conducted to the cell of the writer. When he returned he had been weeping.

"The poor man is certainly mad now," he said, "but when you imprisoned him here he was the greatest genius of the age. He has certainly made a very great discovery."

After this, Lord Worcester made many efforts to procure the liberation of the man, who doubtless would have been restored to reason by freedom and ordinary surroundings, but in vain; the Cardinal was against him, and his English friends began to fancy that he himself had lost his senses, for one wrote to another:

"My Lord is remarkable for never being satisfied with any explanations which are given him, but always wanting to know for himself, although he seems to pierce to the very center of a speaker's thoughts with his big blue eyes that never leave theirs.

"At a visit to Bicetre he thought he had discovered a genius in a madman, who declared he would travel the world over with a kettle of boiling water. He



desired to carry him away to London that he might listen to his extravagances from morning till night, and would. I think, if the maniac had not been actually raving and chained to the wall."

Thus in Bicetre died the man to whom, after his works were published, many people gave the credit of being the discoverer of steam power: and it is said, from the manuscript written in his prison, Lord Worcester gathered the idea of a machine spoken of as a "water-commanding engine," which he afterward invented. Historians have denied that Caus died in prison, but there exists a letter written by Marion de Lorme, who was with Lord Worcester at the time of his interview with Caus, which establishes the fact beyond doubt.

#### PRACTICAL FRENCH.

Two French teachers were discussing matters relative to their profession.

"Do your pupils pay up regularly on the first of each month?" asked one.

"No they do not. I often have to wait for weeks before I get my pay, and sometimes I don't get it at all. You can't well dun the parents for the money."

"Why don't you do as I do? I always get my money regularly."

"How do you manage it?"

"It is very simple. On the first day of the month, if the money for lessons don't come, I give the following sentences to translate and write out at home: 'I have no money.' 'The month is up.' 'Hast thou got any money?' 'I need money very much.' 'Why hast thou not brought the money this morning?' 'Did thy father not give thee any money?' The next morning the money comes."

METHOD, like perseverance, wins in the long run.

#### UTAH'S EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT.

THE *School Journal*, which stands at the head of educational periodicals in the United States, has in a late special number a comparative review of the school exhibits from thirty-one states and territories—all that are taking part in the World's Fair. In short, crisp sentences the leading points of merit are named in connection with the school exhibiting the same. It is gratifying to read this paragraph regarding our own Territory:

"In the originality and general merit of its exhibit, Utah stands easily first in the Western group. It would seem that a certain isolation had spared its schools from the blights which only recently are beginning to release the various school systems throughout the States. Here behind the Western mountains a system of education is being matured, that, while it challenges the best elsewhere, owes its upbuilding very greatly to the peculiar stamina of its own communities.

"The work shows the progressiveness of the individual teacher rather than the conformity to any system. Much is made of geography in the way of map-moulding, and the subject is also a principal basis for language work."

I desire to make a few comments on the criticism here presented.

*Easily first.*—This is certainly a proud position for Utah in the group of young states and territories. It is one, however, which our leading educators have been well aware that we hold, and have held for years. The fact has also been called attention to time and again, by Elders returning from missions to other states and territories. Our educational status, so far as census statistics could indicate it is higher than that of three fourths of the states of the Union,



including several of the New England States themselves. The gratification we feel, therefore, is not in the nature of a pleasant surprise, but in the fact that truth is vindicated, and a much slandered people is placed squarely on record before the world.

*Utah spared from the blights.*—It is not difficult for the teacher to understand what is meant by the "*blights* which only recently are beginning to release the schools of the states." The writer remembers a time when the plague was right in our own communities. It consisted in ideas and methods of teaching and school discipline, and is well named, indeed. Nothing was more admirably or rather diabolically adapted to blight and make fruitless the budding intelligence of our youth than the rote-teaching, memory-cramming, and switch-and-ferule cultivation of ideas in vogue in our log school-houses. Like many of the weeds in our fields, the blight came with the seed of educational thought from the very communities whose schools it is just now "beginning to release."

But it did not remain long in Utah. Had our population largely preponderated in one class of people, so that any one set of ideas should have prevailed, it might have remained longer. But Utah's inhabitants are drawn from a world-wide area. It would be interesting to trace in all its effects industrially, socially, intellectually, morally, religiously, this co-mingling of many people. But for the purpose of this article, it is sufficient to ascribe largely our happy escape from the educational blight of the United States to this cause.

*Challenges the best elsewhere.*—What, then, was it that killed the blight and gave Utah a healthy educational growth? or in the words of the critic, who, by the by, deserves credit as a keen observer,

what is the educational system "being matured" which "challenges the best elsewhere" and gives Utah this pre-eminence?

In nothing is the hand of providence plainer than in the origin of our progressive school system. Forty odd years ago two humble Elders, uncultured and unlearned, were trying to expound in broken German the simple message of the gospel restored. What was there in this circumstance that should attract a cultured college professor, a graduate of one of Germany's leading normal institutions? Was it a tendency to religious thought? He was a professed infidel. Was it the eloquence, the Rocky Mountain manners of these men, the association of the usual converts that impelled him to join the Mormons? His life had been passed among the cultured and aristocratic, in a land where caste lines are strongly drawn. What, then, should induce Dr. Karl G. Maeser to accept the gospel, become a voluntary exile from home and native land? The attractions a hand-cart exodus and (something less than) an Eden at the end of it? Brush-grubbing log-hewing, ditch-digging, and adobe-making would hardly attract a man, who, if I am rightly informed, has not yet learned to swing an ax with safety to the looker-on.

Why, then, did Brother Maeser become one of us? Forty years ago it was a mystery; no doubt many a muscle-brained pioneer asked with commiseration: "Well, what is he good for?" as he watched Brother Maeser's manœuvres with a shovel. But that day is past: Brother Maeser's life has explained Brother Maeser's mission.

Col. Parker is credited with starting the "New Education" which is fast destroying the school blight in American communities. But a score of years



before Col. Parker went to Germany to study educational systems Dr. Maeser was beginning to inculcate, "behind the Western mountains" the principles of Froebel and Pestalozzi.

One other name deserves equal honor in this connection. By almost equally inexplicable circumstances, Dr. John R. Park became a member of this isolated community, and planted here the most advanced ideas of American school management.

If the genius of the New Education results from European ideas, being melted in the crucible of Yankee inventiveness, and stamped with the bold die of American push, then is Utah's system of education first entitled to the name, for here all these factors have been operating for a score of years.

*The progressiveness of the individual teacher.* — Both these educators have made individual teaching a special tenet of their systems of instruction. "Be yourself, but always your better self," is a very familiar maxim to Utah teachers. Every teacher who is *himself* has the power to *form* character, but what of the teacher who is a mere echo? Is he fit for the school-room? Echoes can breed but fainter echoes, at best. The necessity of a teacher being grounded in a strong, well-formed individuality, which, while ever open to the new, never acts upon the new because of its novelty, but uses it only after it has been assimilated, and become part of the being, so to speak,—has been kept before normal students and teachers so long that it would be surprising indeed if results in this direction were not visible. But to teachers who have never drawn comparison on this point outside the Territory, this progressive individuality is not so apparent. Indeed, during Col. Parker's lectures here last summer before five

hundred teachers of the Territory, it seemed to the writer that too many were captured by a name, surrendered themselves to the contagion of applause, and joined in their voices to help improve the thunder. And yet on this very occasion the teachers were repeatedly complimented on their tendency to individual judgment. Certainly such praise from a man eminent in his profession and one who has held institutes in various parts of the Union must be taken as describing a fact, the more so, as the same thing is pointed out by the educational critic at the World's Fair, from an examination of our school exhibit.

Nothing in my opinion can more certainly insure the future greatness of a country than to have in every school-room a teacher capable of stimulating independent thinking, and of arousing self-reliant action. Especially is this true of a republic whose safety lies in protection against demagoguery, mobocratic upheavals, and the rule of rings, bosses and trusts. Perhaps for the purposes of a successful monarchy, it is well to educate the masses to move with the automatic precision of a machine. This can be done by a process which Col. Parker calls "suppressing the teacher." Be this plan followed in St. Louis or St. Petersburg, its results are the same. The product turned out is equally unquestioning in its pliability to autocratic rule—because it has no head.

When we speak of a European monarchy as tottering from internal weakness, what is it but saying its children have been educated by methods that fit them for a republic? Conversely, when we deplore the rottenness of a republic given up to political demagogues, are we not passing judgment upon its schools, whose graduates were admirably fitted for a healthy monarchy, but



shifting as sand for the stability of a democratic commonwealth? Utah may be proud that its teachers have been complimented on their progressive individuality. Let the future make the compliment truer still.

*The peculiar stamina of its own communities.*—It is a happy surprise to find this truth at last recognized as one of the merits to be placed among Utah's credits. The stamina of the masses is at the bottom of every great achievement in this world. Great men are as the crest of a tidal wave. But what of the moving mass beneath that crest? How much execution would be looked for from the crest if the body ceased to move? Let no man boast that he has done such and such a mighty work. Let him be modest, and recognize that he is a very small man but placed, nevertheless, by Providence at the head and front of a great movement. Let him not delude himself with the idea that he has created the conditions on the surge of which he has been rushed forward to greatness. Or, if he be so disposed, let him, in imagination, place his mortal career in some remote age and far off land, and confess how then and there he would have sunk in the ocean of humanity.

"With bubbling groan,  
Unknelt, uncoffined and unknown."

Nor should he base the cause of his greatness upon generations of family culture, etc., etc. The fact is, great men are divinely appointed leaders. When the occasion is ripe, God sends such spirits upon earth to lead the reaping and to garner the harvest. The badge of their heavenly commission is the peculiar bent and force of their characters, already developed in the first eternity, and marked by Him who disposes the events of this earth. This commis-

sion, which is here given the name of genius, no form of government, nor combination of adverse circumstances, can resist. The credit of every great man's achievements belong then to Him who prepared the occasion that gives the name genius to the great man's powers; for could not this Being have given an occasion which would have looked upon these same powers as indicative of insanity? What of the mighty oak, had the acorn fallen upon a rock?

The roots of Utah's future greatness sink deeper and spread wider than the lives of any small number of men. Dr. Maeser is continually urging this truth. "The greatest men among us will scarcely be missed when God sees fit to call them hence." This is because the force and momentum of our growth are inherent in the people. And as applied to the communities of Utah, the critic does well to say that this "stamina" is "peculiar."

Space will not permit me to enlarge upon this thought. But some reflections drawn from experience, and in line with the foregoing, will not be inappropriate with which to supplement this article.

N. L. Nelson.

—♦—

BE slow in considering, but resolute in action.

LOVE is the master key that opens every ward of the heart of man.

LOOK after the establishment of a worthy character, and leave its appreciation to others.

It is not the lot of men to be perfectly happy in this world; the only thing which remains to us is to make the best of what we receive and obtain, being as comfortable and happy as our circumstances will allow.



## Our Little Folks.

### A PECULIAR BIRD.

THE strange-looking bird shown in the picture is known as the apteryx. It is a native of New Zealand, and is called by the Maories "kiwi." This bird is about the size of an ordinary hen. Its wings are small — what are called rudimentary, that is imperfectly formed — not developed sufficiently to enable it to fly. It is not a very good walker even, and it is said that it sometimes uses its bill for a third leg in walking.

The apteryx is similar in appearance to the moa, a very large bird somewhat like the ostrich, that once existed in New Zealand, but which has been extinct for many years.

### THE NEWSMAN'S HORSE.

THE memory of horses is most remarkable. The newsman of a provincial paper was in the habit of riding his horse once or twice a week to the houses of fifty or sixty of his customers, the horse invariably stopping of his own accord at each house as he reached it.

But the memory of the horse was exhibited in a still more curious manner. It happened that there were two persons on the route who took one paper between them, and each claimed the privilege of having it first on each alternate week. The horse soon became accustomed to this regulation, and though the parties lived two miles distant, he stopped once a fortnight at the door of the half-custo-

mer at one place, and once a fortnight at the door of the half-customer at the other; and never did he forget this arrangement, which lasted for several years.

If an animal can thus become so regular in his habits, and remember his duty so well as did this newsman's horse, surely you, my readers, whether young or old, have no cause when you forget yours, and neglect to be at the appointed place at the proper time.

### GREAT THINGS AND LITTLE.

"Lucy, dear, have you set the table?" Lucy gave a great start when she heard her mother's voice. She had been sitting, she did not know how long, at the open window, looking out across the fields. The sun had been quite high when she came up stairs, and now the shadows were long upon the grass; it was nearly supper time.

"The table! O mamma, I haven't yet, but I will right away."

"And the rolls for supper—have you been to the baker's for them?"

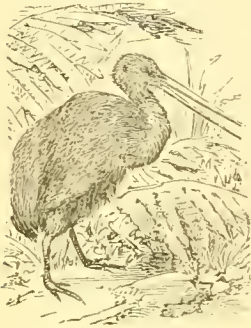
"O mamma, I forgot the rolls; but indeed I will have time for both."

"I dare say you may," said mamma gravely; "we cannot have supper, as you know, until you have both set the table and brought the rolls." And Lucy did know that no one else would be allowed to do her work.

"But the work should have been done earlier," said mamma; "you know I do not like you to put it off to the last moment, and there are other things you might have done to help me, if you had come when I called."

"I did not hear you call, mamma, really," said Lucy earnestly.

"You would have heard if you had been on the watch for my voice," replied mamma.





"What have you been doing, my child?"

"I—I have been thinking," said Lucy.

"What have you been thinking about?" asked mamma.

Lucy blushed. She did not like to

what?" she knew that she must answer.

"About Joan of Arc, and Florence Nightingale, and <sup>the</sup> Grace Darling, and those people," she said, hanging her head. "O mamma, I cannot help wishing



tell the foolish dreams about the great and noble deeds she would do—some time—that had been filling her mind. But when mamma repeated "about

I could do great and noble things like them, and I can't help forgetting when I think about them."

"O Lucy, Lucy!" said her mother,



"wishes like those are worse than idle. unless you begin to do the duty that lies nearest at hand at once and with all your might. You will never do great things, if every day you leave the little things undone.

"Don't you remember our 'Whatsoever' text, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might?' Do every little duty, whatever it may be, with your whole mind and strength, and then you will be fitted to do the great and noble deeds, if such should ever come in your way."

#### **SPIDER'S BONE.**

I WANT to tell you a true story about our dog Spider, just as Lawrence—who saw the whole thing—told it at the dinner table the other day.

The cook gave Spider a bone, which he took in his mouth and trotted out in the lot to gnaw at his leisure.

But Spider was not fortunate in the choice of his dining-room, for our old Tom and a strange cat had chosen that very spot to settle some little difficulty of theirs. They were both in the shrubbery at the moment he reached the place, so he didn't see them at first.

But both Tom and the other cat saw him, however, and they saw his bone too, which each decided he should like for his own dinner. So they both rushed for the bone, and poor Spider was forced to give it up, and, with tail drawn down, leave the feast to the foe. He didn't go far away—not he!—but watched from behind a low bush to see them eat.

Then the fun commenced. Tom didn't feel kindly disposed towards the other cat, and it was evident that the other cat didn't like him. so it was not at all strange that they soon fell to fighting again over the bone.

Perhaps Spider knew it would be so, for the instant they left it, he jumped out from his hiding place, snatched it, and made off to another lot as fast as his four legs would carry him.

#### **THE FISHERMAN BOY WHO BECAME A PAINTER.**

ONCE there was a boy who lived in a little village on the shores of Denmark, and his name was Hans. His family were very poor; all they had was a little hut to live in, and a little boat, for Hans' father was a fisherman. All the men in the village were poor, and they were all fishermen. Indeed, there was no other work for them to do. Every morning they sailed away on the sea, and at night they would bring their fish home, and the women would pack them in salt to sell to the trader who came in once in a while in a larger boat and took them away.

But it was hard work to catch the fish, and they brought so small a price that the people were always poor. The other boys were content to go out in the boats with their fathers every day, but Hans had some notions of his own. He used to draw pictures with bits of charcoal, and he longed to become an artist.

One day Hans said to his father: "Why do you not go to market and sell the fish while they are fresh from the sea and would bring much more money?"

"Because the town is so far away," said his father. "Besides, no one has ever done it before. They have all the fish in the town that they want brought in every day by their own fishermen."

But Hans kept thinking.

And one fine morning Hans took a basket of fish, and long before daylight he started for the town. It was many, many miles away, but Hans reached it



at last, and cried his fish in a cheery voice from door to door. The ladies liked his bright eyes and his pleasant voice, and they soon bought all his fish at a good price, and Hans trudged home with his money safe in his pocket.

Hans went again and again, and soon made so much money that he bought a donkey and cart. Then he became richer than any fisherman in the village.

Finally he had enough money to go to Copenhagen to school. He did so well there that a great painter took him to his home and taught him, and Hans became a famous painter.

#### THE MONKEY'S SCHEME.

THE monkey said to the chimpanzee,

In a monkey's original way,

"If we should start a peanut stand,

Don't you think we could make it pay?

"The boys would buy the nuts of you,

As you sat your stall beside,

And every boy would divide with me,

As he passed where I was tied.

"So you could sell and I could feast,

And I think we could make it pay,

For you could sit and handle the cash,

And I could eat all day."

#### A POINT OF COURTESY.

THERE is one little piece of kindness which almost all, old and young, have opportunities to perform, and by the practice of which they can very materially add to the comfort and happiness of less fortunate persons. It is to avoid looking at deformities or marks of disease when they are met in the street or the home. The keen suffering given to a sensitive person—and all persons with a noticeable deformity may well be supposed to be sensitive on that subject—is such as one who has felt it alone can

understand to the full. Of course it is the most natural thing for the eye to fall upon that which is marked or unusual; but that is a poor excuse for unkindness. We ought deliberately to school ourselves not to add by look or word to the unhappiness of those who have already enough to bear.

#### OUR DAILY RECKONING.

IF you sit down at set of sun

And count the acts that you have done,

And counting, find

One self-denying act, one word

That eased the heart of him who heard,

One glance most kind,

That fell like sunshine where it went,

Then you may count that hour well spent.

But if, through all the livelong day,

You've cheered no heart by yea or nay,

If, through it all,

You've nothing done that you can trace,

That brought the sunshine to one face;

No act most small,

That helped some soul, and nothing cost,

Then count that day as worse than lost.

#### NOT THE FIRST TIME.

A TWO-HUNDRED-POUND old lady the other morning entered a West End car, and found it full. Hanging by a strap, she cast black looks at an inoffensive, but ungallant male beauty, who sat sucking the head of his cane.

A sudden lurch of the car flung the lady upon him with great force.

"I say, darn it, don't you know," exclaimed the youth, "you've crushed my foot to a jelly!"

"It's not the first time I've made calf's foot jelly," was the answer.

And all the other people grinned, and were glad because it had not happened to them.

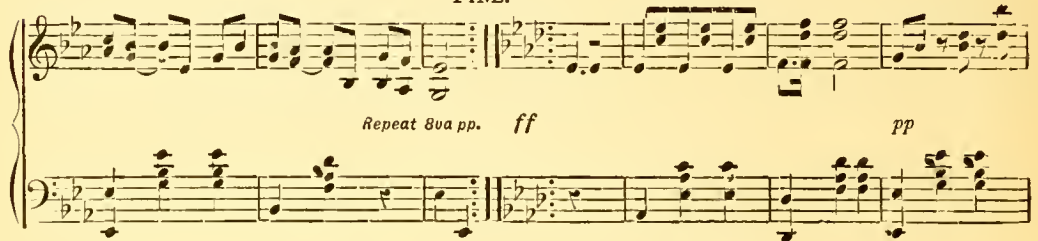


## THOUGHTS OF HOME.

BY H. A. TUCKETT.

*Andantino Legato.*

FINE.



Repeat 8va pp.

ff

pp



TRIO.

L. H.

ff

pp

D. C. AL FINE THEN TRIO.

R. H.



R. H.

Rit.

a Tempo.

Rit.

D. C.

L. H.

## HELPING OTHERS.

If there be some weaker one,  
Give me strength to help him on;  
If a blinder soul there be.  
Let me guide him nearer thee;  
Let me mortal dreams come true  
With the work I fain would do;

Clothe with life the weak intent,  
Let me be the thing I meant;  
Let me find in thy employ  
Peace, that dearer is than joy,  
Out of self to love be led,  
And to Heaven acclimated  
Until all things sweet and good  
Seem my nature habitude.



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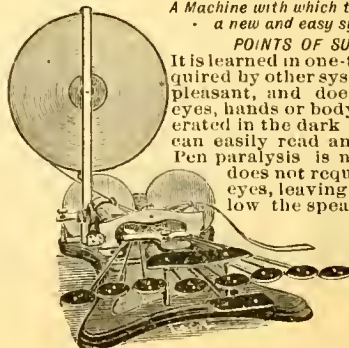
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